

the ship-fever in the north and the yellow fever in the south—left to die alone—strangers in a strange land.

The Yearly Meeting.

Last week we gave some account of the proceedings of the first two sessions of the Yearly Meeting here, and stated that so far, there were evidences of progress on the part of that body in relation to the Anti-Slavery cause. The proceedings since that time, we are sorry to say, have been far from encouraging. All things considered, we regard the position at present of the Ohio Yearly Meeting, less favorable to the cause of the slave than it has heretofore been.

As was stated last week, the Yearly Meeting treated the anti-slavery Friends of Green Plain and the pro-slavery Friends of Indiana alike; the men's meeting refused for the present all correspondence with both parties, and returned to them unopened their epistles and certificates. In the women's meeting communications from both bodies were read, but no answer was returned to either. This gave evidence of advancement; for the Yearly Meeting had in former years (with a partial exception, in the case of the meeting held at Salem two years ago,) remained in loving fellowship with Indiana Yearly Meeting, while it uniformly rejected Green Plain, and on this ground we last week reported some progress. Formerly Ohio Yearly Meeting said that Indiana's pro-slavery was better than Green Plain's anti-slavery—now it says the one is as bad, or as good, as the other.

In answering the Query relative to slavery, the Society said, that "Friends are careful to bear a testimony against slavery, except in the case of using the products of slave labor." This is the common answer. Do the anti-slavery members of the Yearly Meeting believe it to be true? If they do, they have testified falsely on various occasions, both publicly and privately, when they have charged the Society with falling far short of its duty to the slave in many other particulars. If they do not believe it, they have shamefully compromised their principles and suffered what they believed to be false to go forth as the voice of the body, without protesting against it, not one in ten of the anti-slavery members uttered a word relative to the question, and those who spoke suffered themselves in nearly every instance, to be drawn away from the consideration of the great subject, to discuss the "loveliness," and necessity of "charity and forbearance" towards each other! Thus it is. A member may be utterly regardless of the interests of the suffering slave—may use his political and moral influence to crush the benighted man, and all is well. But to express decided opposition to slavery, as though one meant what he said, and intended to carry out his convictions of duty and right without concealment or compromise, this is disorder, uncharitableness—this, the unpardonable sin in a Quaker meeting!

On the last day of the meeting, an Address on slavery, reported by a Committee appointed last year, was adopted and ordered to be printed for circulation amongst Friends. Of this address we must say that in our judgment it is far from being what we had a right to expect and demand from a body having so many Abolitionists in its membership as Ohio Yearly Meeting. If we mistake not, it is decidedly more objectionable than anything which has been issued from the Society of Friends in Ohio for some years past. Not having a copy of the Address, we cannot give its precise language. It states, very philosophically, that the differences of opinion which exist amongst Friends concerning the anti-slavery question, are the necessary results of the different circumstances in which persons have derived their information, and intimates that the various conclusions at which different Friends have arrived, were unavoidable under the circumstances! This point being settled, charity and forbearance are of course earnestly recommended. All this will apply just as well in the case of a slave claimant in South Carolina, as of a pro-slavery Friend in Ohio. How could the slaveholder arrive at a different conclusion from that to which he has come? The "circumstances" of not placing themselves in the condition of the slaves—of not being willing to sympathize with the oppressed, is the great difficulty which prevents slaveholders and their abettors both North and South from engaging actively and zealously in the anti-slavery reform.

The Address goes on to state that those Friends who, in many places, have refused to open their meeting houses for anti-slavery meetings, have been much misunderstood and misrepresented; that they have been charged with a want of sympathy for the slave, when the true reason for their refusal is that they are opposed to the means used, and not to the object sought after! Many Friends, it is stated, think it wrong to join in the anti-slavery movement, believing that they cannot do so without giving countenance to a hiring ministry. Thus the Address goes on covering up the wickedness of the Society, apologizing for the shortcomings of its members. In short it is a compromise, giving all parties credit for sincerity and complaining of nothing, except a want of "charity" and "kindness" amongst Friends. A portion of the Address is well enough. It exhorts Friends not to forget the slave, and advocates abstinence so far as practicable from slave grown productions; but, as a whole, it is just what the pro-slavery portion of the Society desire, and this class were the first to give their voices in favor of its adoption. There were, however, some known as abolitionists, who were not slow to give it their unqualified

sanction, and all the anti-slavery Friends who gave a sentiment, with two or three exceptions—though some of them pronounced the Address in part untrue—submitted freely to its adoption! As in the case referred to above, not one in ten of this class breathed a syllable for or against it. Yet, the persons who thus submitted by their words and their silence, to the adoption of an Address which they firmly believed to contain falsehood and error, and calculated to injure rather than advance the slave's cause, profess to be abolitionists!

We appeal to the anti-slavery members of Ohio Yearly Meeting, can you longer in consistency blame those, of whom you have been so long complaining, charging them with a want of sympathy for the slave, after having thus joined with them in declaring that they have done right in closing their doors against you, and otherwise retarding the anti-slavery movement?

Who believes that those who have barred and belted the doors of the meeting houses, and raised the cry of "hiring ministry" against the advocates of the slave's cause, sympathize as they ought with the bondman? No abolitionist believes it; why then unite in the adoption of an Address which in substance asserts such a falsehood?

We do not wish to be censorious, or to be thought disposed to do injustice to any one; but we hope that those abolitionists who are in fellowship with churches that oppose the slave's cause will look about them and see where they stand. To those who retain a mere nominal connection with such churches, and attend their meetings to oppose whatever is wrong, and rebuke what is wicked, as principle requires, we have nothing to say. But to those who, (as nearly all reformers do, who remain in the church,) silently submit to the wrong or at best fail to stand firmly by the right, we must be allowed to say that they occupy a wicked position, that they blunt their own moral perceptions and injure the cause they profess to love.

Lucetta Mott was present throughout the meeting, and it is to be hoped that her many earnest and eloquent appeals in behalf of humanity—though they failed at the time to induce the meeting to act—will be long remembered by those who heard them, and produce a salutary effect on the hearts of many.—J.

James Buchanan.

The Pennsylvania Democrat who hopes to receive the nomination of his party for the Presidency, has, in accordance with the modern usage of aspirants for that office, been truckling to the slave power, and giving it his written adhesion. In a letter to the Democracy of Berks co., he says:

"The question of Slavery, in one of its ancient aspects, has been recently revived, and threatens to convulse the country. The Democratic party of the Union ought to prepare themselves in time for the approaching storm. Their best security, in the hour of danger, is to cling fast to their time-honored principles. A sacred regard for the Federal Constitution, and for the reserved rights of the States, is the immutable basis on which the party can alone safely rest. This has saved us from the immoderate Abolition. Northern Democrats are not expected to approve Slavery in the abstract; but they owe it to themselves, as they value the Union, and all the political blessings which fruitfully flow from it, to abide by the compromises of the Constitution, and leave the question, where that instrument has left it, to the States wherein Slavery exists. Our fathers have made this agreement with their brethren of the South; and it is not for the descendant of either party, in the present generation, to cancel this solemn compact. The Abolitionists, by their efforts to annul it, have arrested the natural progress of Emancipation, and done great injury to the slaves themselves."

All of these pro-slavery politicians talk about "a sacred regard for the Federal Constitution," and advise their party to cling to the "glorious Union," and it is perfectly natural that a pro-slavery man should fly to a pro-slavery shelter, and equally natural that an anti-slavery man should fly from it.

We do not perhaps know as well as the leader of the Pennsylvania Democracy what is expected of Northern Democrats, but we know that many of them do not only "approve slavery in the abstract," but also in the concrete. Pierce Butler, a Philadelphia Democrat, was a slaveholder at the time he represented the party in the Convention which framed the present Constitution of Pennsylvania, and many other Northern Democrats are no better in principle, whatever necessity may compel their practice to be.—We suppose that in the estimation of James Buchanan, all that can reasonably be asked of Northern Democrats is, that they should not approve of slavery in the abstract, altho' we doubt whether this is not presuming too much upon their Democracy, especially if they be church members. Such abstraction may be very good, but we suspect he would hardly be satisfied with the abstract opposition of the Democracy to Whiggery with its banks and tariffs and other party measures and party machinery. It does very well for Democracy to talk about abstract, negative opposition to slavery or any other peccadillo, but when such heaven-daring institutions as banks are to be destroyed, it must have constant, practical, energetic opposition.

In relation to the Wilmot Proviso, Buchanan says:

"The question is not one of practical importance. Its agitation, however honestly intended, can produce no effect but to alienate the people of different portions of the Union from each other; to excite sectional divisions and jealousies; and to distract and possibly destroy the Democratic party, on

the ascendancy of whose principles and measures depends, as I firmly believe, the success of our grand experiment of self-government."

This is encouraging. The abolitionists desire "to alienate the people of different portions of the Union from each other" so far as to have no union with slaveholders; "to excite sectional divisions and jealousies;" that the North may be severed from the South, and all true Democrats become jealous for human rights; "and to distract and possibly destroy the Democratic party," and all other parties which truckle to the slave power and hinder the rights of humanity for popular favor; and God grant that all these may speedily be accomplished.

Lucetta Mott

On Friday evening last delivered an eloquent and impressive address in Friends Meeting House, on the Rights and Duties of Woman. She feels deeply on this subject, and when she speaks upon it, speaks with earnestness and power. Did her views on this question generally prevail, woman, instead of being as now too much the case, a plaything for man, an object upon which he delights to lavish his flatteries while denying her equality in the scale of creation, would take her place as co-equal with him on the platform of humanity, clothed with all the rights which belong to her, and prepared to intelligently perform all the duties growing out of their possession—prepared to engage with him in the various enterprises of the day, by which popular sins are to be overturned, and the world redeemed from the vices and the follies that now curse it.

A friend has half promised us a report of her address, and if he should furnish it, we shall take great pleasure in laying it before our readers.

Dead.—The Eastern papers bring intelligence of the death of SILAS WRIGHT of New York, and THOMAS W. DORR of Rhode Island.

The name of the latter is associated with the futile attempt to establish a new government in Rhode Island, while—as the Whigs say—the old one was Constitutionally in existence. If he were mistaken, dearly has he atoned for his error. His name used to be in the mouth of every Democrat, but since he became useless as political capital, we have heard but little of him.

The former, taking the testimony of his political enemies, was as honest and upright as a politician can well be. Had he lived, he would probably have been on the Democratic ticket for President, provided the South had consented to make a nomination. He was a favorite with the Northern Democracy, and so was Martin Van Buren; and had slavery demanded it, he would have been sacrificed as Van Buren was sacrificed.

From Mexico.

The most important item of news from this country, is the return of the exiled Gen. Paredes, the rival of Santa Anna. The last that was known of him previous to this, he was in Paris. A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Vera Cruz, under date of August 14th, thus describes the manner of his return to that place, and subsequent departure.

It is with mortification and regret that I have to inform you that Gen. Paredes passed through our city this morning, about 7 o'clock, in disguise, and before it was ascertained that such was the fact, he was for out of our reach on the way to the City of Mexico.

He arrived this morning on the royal-mail steamer, Teviot, under an assumed name, and entirely unknown to the Captain of the vessel. As soon as the vessel came to anchor he immediately came to the mole in a pilot boat, and proceeded through the heart of the city to the residence of a Mexican merchant, to whom he made himself known, and obtained from him a round jacket, a sombrero and horses for himself and servant, and "summed the ranch" without ceremony. One hundred dollars was offered for his arrest as soon as information reached Colonel Wilson that he was or had been in the city, and every effort was made to arrest him, but the "bird had flown" and given us a specimen of assurance and cunning that would do credit to the father of Yankee tricks.

There was hardly an American here but what felt that he could crawl through a gimlet hole when the astounding news that Paredes, the sworn enemy to Santa Anna, to Americans, and to peace, and the only man who at the present situation of affairs can partially restore the confidence of the Mexican people, and inspire them once more with a hope to conquer their enemies, had passed, unknown and unmolested, into and out of the gates of our city. He will no doubt make every effort to reach Mexico before Gen. Scott does.

The consequence will, no doubt, be the overthrow of Santa Anna, and most likely he will take in hand the reins of government, crush all attempts at negotiation, and head the army in person against Gen. Scott, should he think it expedient, but if not, fall back to some place beyond the city, and prepare himself for another and perhaps better occasion. At all events, he is just the man that the Mexicans have been wanting ever since the battle of Cerro Gordo, and now, that he is with them once more, there is no telling what mighty events may be the result of his return from exile.

From this it would seem that the prospect of a speedy peace is becoming less favorable. More troops will be needed, more money demanded, more lives be sacrificed, more murders committed, more infamy acquired, before this nation can compel Mexico to terms. Who can say we have more than seen the beginning of the end?

O. F. R. is informed that they arrived safely.

Foreign Arrivals.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, after speaking of the shouts that the appearance of Henry Clay drew from the inhabitants of the Democratic city of brotherly love, says:

"The next sound that rose when he ceased speaking, will be the voice of the breakers of Cape May, that have come three thousand miles to break themselves at his feet."

These breakers must have been very much Americanized and patriotic, and without whiggish to have traveled so far for the purpose of breaking at the feet of a Republican slaveholder, or else the editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer must be as syco-phantic as were the flatterers of Canine, who pretended that their master was also master of the sea. Such adulation was hardly tolerable in a barbarous age and under a despotic monarch, but coming, as it does, from a Republican and Christian editor—so called—it is sickening and disgraceful in the extreme.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.—We are sorry to learn that this efficient missionary institution is entering upon a new financial year with a considerable debt. On the first of this month the balance against the treasury was more than \$300,000, and this notwithstanding the economy with which its affairs are managed. We trust the Christian public will not suffer the Board to become embarrassed for want of the requisite amount of funds. It is doing a good work and should be sustained.—*Ent. Trav.*

And we are glad to learn it; nor does it surprise us, for when an institution sells itself to the devil, it is pretty sure to get cheated out of its pay in the long run. It might perhaps raise the needful for the time being, by baptizing Romanism, Mahomedanism and Paganism as Christian. In defense of Polygamy has caused it to be regarded with considerable favor by the two latter sects, and we doubt not that with a little more compromise of principle, the Lord whom its supporters worship, will greatly bless its missionary efforts, and multiply the number of its converts.

Just as our paper was going to press, we received intelligence of the decease of BENJ. B. DAVIS. He was taken sick while attending the Anniversary at New Lyme, and died at his residence near this place, on the 8th inst. He has long been regarded in this community, as a friend of the slave, and has been highly esteemed for many valuable traits of character.

No recent victory in Mexico of sufficient importance to base a glorification upon—all the fighting that has been done there, for some time, does not amount to more than a few skirmishes between the escorts of American baggage trains and Mexican guerrillas.

Unequal Sympathy.

Here are two cases, both of which seem well calculated to excite the sympathy of the people, and yet so much are such occurrences, as the latter, a necessary part of the "patriarchal institution" that it calls forth but little feeling. Scarcely a word of condemnation is uttered, save by some fanatical disorganizer who loves humanity more than human institutions. And yet the father of Margaret Kirkham would a thousand times rather have had the flames consume her body and bear her freed spirit upward, than to have her live as an American slave, and be liable to such treatment, as was the girl "belonging to Mr. Cordell."

FIRE AND EXCITING SCENE.

A fire occurred in the store and factory of Mr. Kirkham, New York, on Thursday morning. So sudden and quick was the spread of the flames that Mr. K. and his family came very near being destroyed by them.

One of his daughters, Miss Margaret Kirkham, a young lady about 19 years of age, only escaped, after being severely burnt, by jumping from the fourth story front window of the room in which she slept. It was for some moments a scene of the most thrilling and agonizing interest to those who had assembled in front of the burning building.—The fourth story, though even with the rest of the edifice, has very small attic windows. At one of these Miss K. appeared, shrieking in alarm, the fire evidently behind her, and the smoke pouring out over her head. No ladders had yet arrived, and her destruction seemed inevitable—she tried at first to escape the flames by which she had been already severely burnt, got out on the sill of the window, but it was evident she must soon perish there, and the cry was raised for her to jump—other voices, among which, by this time, was that of her father, exclaiming, "not yet, wait a moment till we get ready for you." A feather bed was instantly procured, held about three feet from the ground by six gallant hearts, who were in great jeopardy that she might fall upon and injure some of them, but they headed and cared not for that. By this time Miss Kirkham, to escape from the smoke and flames was compelled to let herself down, and was caught by her extended arms from the window. "Jump now," was the cry. Vast numbers of persons had now assembled, and were looking on at the agonizing scene.—The young lady soon let go her hold from that dizzy height of upwards of fifty feet, and in an instant was whirled towards the sidewalk. The heart of every person in that vast multitude started in thrilling emotion and suspense, doubtful as to her fate. In a few moments the cry was raised, "she is safe," and three hearty cheers went up, which made the very welkin ring. The life of that young maiden appeared of more interest to that immense assemblage than ten thousand battles.

DEATH BY CAPITAL.—On Friday last the coroner held an inquest, at the house of Judge Dupont, a few miles south of this city, over the body of a negro girl, about eight years of age, belonging to Mr. Cordell.—The body exhibited evidence of the most cruel whipping and beating we have ever heard of. The flesh on the back and limbs was beaten to a jelly—one shoulder bone was laid bare—there were several cuts, apparently from a club, on the head—and around her neck was the indentation of a cord, by which, it was supposed, she had been confined to a tree. She had been hired by a man by the name of Tanner, residing in the neighborhood, who sent her home in this condition. After coming home, her constant request until her death, was for bread, by which it would seem that she had been starved as well as unmercifully whipped.—The jury returned a verdict that she came to her death by blows inflicted by some person unknown, while in the employ of Mr. Tanner.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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From the N. O. Picayune, Aug. 24.

Escape of Paredes.

The more we think of this event, the more unfortunate do we regard it for the cause of peace, and our hopes were before of the speedy termination of the war. Grave censure will fall on official heads for the failure to arrest Paredes, and yet we do not permit ourselves to doubt that the Secretary of War and the diplomatic agents of the Government in Europe will be found to have discharged their duty in the premises in good time. It is not necessary to prejudge the case, and designate more particularly those on whom the weight of responsibility rests; public opinion has already declared itself with fatal distinctness.

From Vera Cruz we learn that Senor Alonzo Gen. Paredes after the latter landed and recognized him. Paredes is understood to have signified to him by a sign to "keep dark," and the handsome senator did so for the space of an hour or more—at all events until the distinguished Mexican had passed out of the city's gates. We have seen these facts written from Vera Cruz by a gentleman of sense and discretion. From him we learn, too, that Senor Alonzo held a situation in the Customs at Vera Cruz, from which he has been promptly dismissed for conniving at the escape of Paredes. Every day is farther developing the fitness of Senor Alonzo to act as the emissary of our Government!

We learn, too, that Capt. Clark, the Port Captain at Vera Cruz, has been dismissed from his post for remissness in the affair of Paredes. We mention this and what we have said above on the authority of a private letter from Vera Cruz, from a gentleman who would not mislead us, and who should be very well informed. It is his opinion that the English have had a more direct agency in the business than the facts yet developed show.

The correspondent of *La Patria* gives quite a dramatic scene between Gen. Paredes and the Mexican who furnished him with the necessary supplies for his expedition into the interior. According to this, the merchant had been the political opponent of Gen. Paredes in days gone by, but was touched by the appeal of the latter to his patriotism, the General avowing his purpose to be to throw himself into the arms of his countrymen and procure a position in the army to assist in the salvation of his country. Whether the sketch be fanciful or not, we deem it the true key to the part which Paredes will enact.

The same writer says that among the Mexicans of all parties the arrival of Paredes has excited a general enthusiasm. They argue that Paredes will be able to derive from the clergy the resources necessary to prolong the war for many years. It is conjectured too, that the six States which have formed the Coalition and declared themselves opposed to any peace, may call upon Paredes to assume the leadership. Viewed in whatever light you choose, the return of Paredes is regarded as injurious to the designs of the United States, and very possibly to those of Santa Anna. There can, we think, be no doubt of this.

From Vera Cruz.—Lieut. Col. D. S. Miles, U. S. Army, placed in the immediate command of the troops of Vera Cruz, and the cavalry and infantry outside of the walls, at the gate of Meroy and Bergard.

We learn that great indignation exists in New Orleans, Washington, and in Mexico, in consequence of the omission of the U. S. Consul at Havana to send information of the fact that Paredes was on board the English mail steamer. Paredes arrived at Havana on the 8th ult. in the British mail steamer Teviot, from England. There he remained until the 11th, avoiding as much as possible all communication with the residents. On the 11th the Teviot reached Vera Cruz, and as soon as she anchored, Paredes stepped into a boat, was taken ashore, entered the city under the name of Don Martino. He proceeded to the house of one Pepe or Jose Zamora, who provided him with clothing, money and swift horse. This furnished, he left immediately, passed through the gates of Vera Cruz unchallenged, and took his way towards the interior by a different route from that pursued by the train. It is said that he met a guerrilla party a few miles from the city, and was by them escorted on his journey towards the Capitol.

A letter was received by the Governor three-fourths of an hour after the bird had flown. The cage was then closed, and \$1000 offered for the runaway. Evil is apprehended from this escape.

To the Editor of the Morning Herald:

DEAR SIR.—The select choir of the Cincinnati High School have completed their tour; having been absent seven weeks, and travelled some six hundred miles. Our reception has been generally highly gratifying. Audiences large, receipts liberal. In no instance have our meetings been disturbed in any way. The best order has prevailed in our audiences. Marks of approbation such as are common in public assemblies, we usually discouraged. Our wishes were duly respected in this particular. Out of forty-three appointments which we filled, four were held in the open air, two in court-houses, three in public halls, and the remaining thirty-four in Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and other churches. In several instances our friends could not get a meeting house the first night, been so well heard. So far as we can judge from the remarks of friends and the opinions of the press, the chief object of our mission has been accomplished. Prejudice has given away, and a sincere interest in the elevation of the colored race has been awakened. In only three of our regular appointments were we under the necessity of making arrangements with public houses for our recep-

tion, in all other cases, the utmost hospitality was shown our company by the friends of the cause. The pupils could not have been welcomed more cordially or received on more of an equality had their complexion been the fairest Anglo Saxon. The influence of so kind and Christian a reception has not been lost upon them. Brought thus familiarly in contact with the most religious, intelligent, and influential families of the State, they have had opportunities of learning lessons of the great importance.

The pupils return to their friends with enlarged views, improved manners, a higher appreciation of the importance of obtaining finished educations, and with hearts more deeply imbued with the spirit of Christian Love.

We regret that we are under the necessity of saying that we were refused the use of a Chapel in Oberlin. Their apology for this rejection was that such an exhibition of the pupils before audiences, would be injurious to their characters. We have the best of evidence in believing that the true cause was that they considered my religious sentiments to be erroneous.

The total receipts are seven hundred and thirty-five dollars. Expenses will exceed five hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars at least will be added to the Beneficiary department for this year, making four hundred dollars earned by the labors of the pupils since March last. The liberal free-will offering of the Unitarian church of our city, amounting to eighty dollars, gives us a fund for this year of four hundred and eighty dollars.

Believing many of your readers would be interested in having the above statement of our success and prospects, I submit it to you for publication.

Yours, &c.

HIRAM S. GILMORE.

ALLIES FOR MEXICO.

La Patria of the 23d ult. says that the President of Honduras has issued a proclamation and that two Generals Division of Guatemala have done the same, calling the attention of the people of Central America to the condition of Mexico, and urging upon them the duty of affording aid to their unfortunate neighbors. *La Patria* promises to publish the proclamation in its next number.

EDUCATION IN THE SLAVE STATES.—The Superintendent of the Public Schools in Kentucky stated, in a speech at Bowling Green, in that State, that in two counties not far distant from that place, it was ascertained by an examination in the Clerk's office, that more than one-half of the males who had married in those counties within the year 1842, had executed their marriage bonds, had made their mark, instead of signing their names; and that also one-half of their securities in those bonds were not able to write.

WORTHY OF HIS EDUCATION.—A colored man named Peyton Hays, formerly a slave driver in Tennessee, was on examination on Friday before Judge Downing, for signing up his wife, who was formerly a slave in North Carolina, and inflicting upon her bare skin eight lashes with a rope's end. He had provided brine and molasses to stop the bleeding. At the request of his wife, though he pleaded guilty, sentence was suspended.

THE TELEGRAPH.—We are informed that House's printing apparatus is to be attached to the battery of the electric telegraph in this city. By this arrangement the managers inform us that they will be able to furnish copies of the President's message for the newspaper offices in this city within five minutes after the reading of it by the Clerk of the House of Representatives.—*Low Jour.*

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The sixth annual meeting of the Association will be held in Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month.

All persons interested in this important branch of anti-slavery labor, are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, Pres.
SARAH PUGH, Sec.

FONOGRAPH AND FONOTYPE.

Wm. C. ALEXANDER would respectfully announce to the citizens of Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, that he intends spending some time in teaching the above sciences, and those wishing to obtain a correct and practical knowledge of them can obtain his services on the following terms.

He will visit any town and give a course of twelve lessons to a class of any number for \$30 dollars and his board during the time of teaching. Or a course of the lessons (which will give a knowledge of the elements of principles of the science and enable those attending to complete the course without any further assistance from a teacher) will be given for \$15.

Teachers of academies and other institutions of learning will find it to their advantage to have it introduced into their schools as early as possible.

All communications addressed to him at Columbiana, Col., county, Ohio, will receive prompt attention.

Columbiana, Sept. 4, 1847. 6m

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE.

Has recently received considerable additions to its Stock of Books and Stationery from New York and Philadelphia, and now offers to its "friends, and the public generally," as cheap and well-selected a lot as can be found anywhere in the county, to say the least.—The subscribers have taken especial pains to ascertain where the best Publications of the day were to be had, as well as the standard

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC WORKS.

and now have the pleasure of saying that they have secured an excellent variety of the best and most popular. Also, a full assortment of

ECLECTIC SCHOOL BOOKS,

lately from Cincinnati.

All orders for Books, singly or by the lot, cheerfully and promptly attended to.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.

Salem, June 4, 1847.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, (Eastern and Western), Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

TRESCOTTS

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

POETRY.

THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The wild stream leaps with headlong sweep,
In their careless course o'er the mountain
steep;

All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their extract song.
My eye bears a glance like a beam on a
lance,
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee for I love to see
The path of any thing that's free.

The sky-lark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings,
Trill-la-trill-la; oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden
bar.

The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on his homeward way—
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,
Prodding his head to the sky;
The barb runs the plain unbroken by the rein,
With streaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirred by the eagle bird,
As the flap of his swooping pinion is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was form'd to love the free.

The mariner brave with his bark on the
wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly
slave;
And one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learned to hate.
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd have a throne for the hut of the free.

From the Christian Observer.
Little Children.

BY MARIA ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thought
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Disturb might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words and let him feel
He has a friend in thee;
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile
That mark a happy breeze.

Oh! teach him, this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thick darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart.
To spread a peaceful quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him, who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitation of Heaven.

Gentle Words.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the Summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the Sea;
But gentle Words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Of stars that ever shone!

The Sun may warm the Grass to life
The Dew the drooping Flower;
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the Dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And Gold or Gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster 'round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is Earth!

'Be not Weary in Well Doing.'

BY J. CLEMENT.

O! weary not, O! weary not
In labor well begun;
The day is short and evening fast,
Thy work will soon be done.

O! weary not, O! weary not
Until the sun declines;
There's honor gained from noble toil,
And God the work assigns.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
Though hard be thine employ;
Each sweat-drop forms within the heart
A feast of holy joy.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
For when thy task is o'er,
A home is thine of endless bliss,
Where toil is known no more.

Knickerbocker for September.

There's not a health, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pioneer and Herald of Freedom.

The Distilled Man.

The papers give an account of a most horrible accident which befel a man in one of the New York distilleries—that of a Mr. Wilson in Brooklyn. The trap door to the covering of a vat was left open and an unfortunate workman fell through into the boiling molasses, and before he could be drawn out the flesh was boiled into fragments, leaving scarcely anything but a skeleton of the wretched man. What a death, and how one shudders to think of that blind plunge into the scalding mass, the solitary shriek, and then of the white bones tossing up and projecting from the disengaging flesh.

A question comes up here, what will dealers do with the broth of the workman? Will it go to quench the thirst of his companions? Will they sell it for poor toddies to guzzle down, as the customers of the Albany Brewers poured down cats and dogs, and paper's coffins draining in their delicious ale! finding meat and drink at once.

Think of it, poor victims of your appetites. When you take up another glass, look sharply for the blood stain, and shreds of sodden flesh in the draught. One of your fellows is there some where, melted like a stick of candy in your hot liquor. See if you can find him now. Do you think that your suppliers could throw away the whole for such a trifle as a man's falling into it? Why the wretched ruin, rum, or whatever it is called, is itself more deadly and revolting to a healthy stomach, than that thin broth of a man cooked alive. He sells the first to you, and sure he will not scruple to furnish you with the latter. Why should he! The flashing light-soup has always in it the tears of widows, the hearts of wives, and the whole live being of the deluded drunkard—in a figure, very apparent. Why not literally boil up a workman now and then "to make the gruel thick and slab,"—or why refuse to furnish liquor when accident furnishes the ingredients.

Besides, no one will know which cask or score of casks has the precious mixture.—The whole will be put into market together, and there's not a man with his three pint jug or old junk bottle of rum,—or whatever the liquor was,—but may be carrying off a quarter's worth of human soup to regale himself with. He'll not know, any more than the distilled man that once worked on the liquor and now works in it, which bottle shall contain a taste of him. If this does not add to the fiery draught, and make it "prime"—indeed, we know of nothing but the omniscient Albany ale that suit the blunted appetites of these poor fellows, whose manhood is being burned out by their indulgence.

Yet loathsome as the draught may be, and awful as the death of that miserable man must have been, they can add no horror to the cup that kills, and the death produced by it, of the poor drunkard. Better, we should say, be plunged at once in the fiery vat that snatches life out in an instant, than to be burned up by a slow fire, and have the flesh roasted from the skin little by little—going off livid and bloated, till the last vital force is scorched out, and a death of many years has at last accomplished its work. The end is the same, the way only differing in haste, for both are plunged into the ruin they thought not of, both are boiled to death by hot liquid—only the one may have been unimpaired in his mental nature—though his trade was one which leaves little chance for that, while the other has his spirit withered into dust, and his heart shrivelled to a tinder, drop by drop, in the hell of his ruin and crime.—Yet in the end their fates are not unlike, for both may be bottled and sold for the consumption of new victims—a not improbable destiny—and so keep the veins of the great intricate devil of drunkenness supplied, and their blood in circulation.

The downward world has its horrible harmony in gross caricature of the upward, and this despotism of the rum victims is in proof of it. Rivers run to the sea, and mists go up from the sea; clouds feed the springs, and the springs supply the rivers. This is the harmonious revolution of nature—is earth's vital circulation. In a like manner drunkenness reels into the vats to make the rum that made itself—lies and drains from potter's fields into the green pool that makes the beer that slays it, and the vat pours out new streams to re-supply itself with topers.

The truth is, there is nothing too awful or too loathsome to be found in the traffic that is carried on between the excesses of appetite and selfishness; and the man who sips on Wilson's boiled workman, is no more truly devouring human blood and flesh, than the wretch who takes all the worth and fame, life's hope and life itself, of the drunkard to fatten on. The rum-sellers' tea and coffee and bread are as deeply poisoned with the awful compound of man and poison summered together, as a cup from the fatal vat would be. It is all sudden with gore and tears, and he should know it, and when he is convinced of it, (but good heavens what can convince him?) he cannot longer deal in the terrible poison. Not all the deaths of all the drunkards that have reeled down to ruin, right before his face, have taught him yet to know that blood is on all his gain. Not all the sighs and wailed out prayers of myriads of wronged wives, have yet been able to fan away the thick veil from his vision, that he may see how drenched with salt grief is the wealth he earns. And we suppose he will not believe, though the ghost of that sweltering corpse should rise from its burning furnace and ask his flesh in every glass he pours.

Push On.

The following extract from the writings of John Neal, may have met the eyes of many of our readers before; but it is worth repeating, and the truths it conveys are worth remembering:

"There are people who have begun life by setting their boat against wind and tide, and are always complaining of their bad luck, and always just ready to give up, and for that very reason always helpless and good for nothing, and yet if they would persevere, hard as it may be, to work up stream of life long, they would have their reward at last. Good voyages are made both ways.

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Kites rise against, not with the wind. Even a hard wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage anywhere in the dead calm. The best wind for anything in the long run, is a side wind. If it blows at, how is he to get back?

"Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself up against the struggle, when the winds blow, gives up when they are done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

"Did you ever know anybody to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? No matter how bad it might be at the beginning, if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else; no matter how hard he may have water, still, if he persevered, he always came out bright in the long run—didn't he?"

The Pledge.

"Join us in the pledge, Colonel, surely you will not refuse me," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wine, prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention, for when the bride spoke every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few incoherent words, took the glass and, bowing gracefully, drank long and happily to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into her circle of bridesmaids. I knew Colonel Warren would not refuse me. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be the foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated.

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. He had, however, been induced to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that wine had been introduced in the presence of ladies.

It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Col. Warren during the instant he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But at length, he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smile. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriety, would awake again at the taste of that glass, and rage with more violence than ever.

Young, happy and thoughtless she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Colonel Warren was become an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that, in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured and his large fortune wasting away.

She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and when next she met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone, in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is too late!—was once as I am now—I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how, and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate."

He turned and left her presence. Here eyes were opened. Oh! bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. She never met again but once. Reader! would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in March, a severe sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, where they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees, haystacks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manyunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs which enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said—

"Mother, what can that be in the road?—Surely it is a man's hat!"

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here, James?" and she turned to a footman, "go and see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow.—A few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes

were being removed from the face for the lady was within a short distance of her home, and thought that, perhaps, she might recognize the being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse.

"Col. Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale and staggering: "Col. Warren dying thus, a common drunkard! Oh! just heaven, this is too much!"

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse.

My Uncle, the Parson, OR THE EFFECTS OF PEPPER.

The Knickerbocker contains a capital story, by John Waters, of which the following is the conclusion:

At the dinner table our 'parson' takes a bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talenon was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetizing, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must apprise you that it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and, said he, handing it to him, "a very few grains will go a great way."

A half decisive glance at the size of my

napkin and then at his own portly figure seemed to intimate that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his encyclopedic inches. He rapped the bottle on the side, as he had seen the parson loosen the grains of his fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way, but without the same caution, to his gravy, and used it freely with his meat.

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he resisted manfully the first intimation of his internal assailant; hemmed stoutly, repeatedly, as if he was determined to maintain his ground; his face became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame, the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened, he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Sampson groping for the remaining pillar of the temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain, unimagined to him in his dreams before. His first note was that of a great brindle bull in his own cattle yard at home. The word does no justice whatever to the sound he did not cough! My uncle, concerned at the accident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He endeavored to say "will that put it out?" and made for a large jug that had just been replenished; he raised it boldly to his lips, and had its contents been more gentle, might for its length, breadth, depth and height, have won from Bacchus, the whole contents of the Indies.

"Jedediah," said he, as soon as he could articulate, "for the land's sake do my mouth blaze!"

Another jar of water seemed to re-assure him of his safety against internal combustion, and his power of speech in some measure returning, and with them his self-possession, he strode in front of my uncle, and accosted him:

"Do you know, mister, that I took you for a person?"

"I am, indeed," said my uncle, "an humble member of that cloth."

"Oh, you be, you! And do you think it any low consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way, carrying hell-fire in your breeches?"

A Sabbath Scene.

On Sabbath last, a German boy led his aged and blind father from the wharf up through State street to the Capitol Park. From their appearance, it was evident they had just arrived from the Faderland, and were seeking a new home in this country, to which all exiles flee. Sorrowing and infirm, the parent suffered his cheerful son to guide his tottering steps. Time had dealt severely and frostily with the one; the other he seemed to touch only to invigorate and adorn—the blossom of the Spring, with the ripening fruit of the Autumn. Under the shade of a large tree, the boy seated the old man on the railing, and wiping the moisture from his face, sat down. He then took a well-worn book from his pocket, and as the venerable man drew near to the youth, he read to him the word of life from the New Testament.—Alone, far from their native land, and far from their kindred, these exiles worshipped God in His own Temples.

The numerous bells were then inviting the citizens to church. A fashionable audience were collecting in a fashionable house of worship. Wealth and beauty were there. The matron and the maid condescended to devote a few moments of a Sabbath morning to slumber or to sleep. Does the listening cashier tremble for his securities or for his soul? Can the meek and devout man in the pulpit bring his hearers to realize the folly of this world or the next? Does the man of half a million, with white neckcloth, and calverous cheek, who boasts of saving all that he pinches—does he realize the source or destination of his wealth? Is he not his descendant already chewing the scanty crust of penury and want? when wintry chills and the rude winds pierce their tender frames, as the miser counts his warm and sordid treasure, or laughs mechanically at an unappreciated jest, are they not destitute of a garment that he is too penurious to bestow?

From these reflections we turned again to the pilgrims in the Park. They were kneeling on the turf, with their faces resting upon the railing. The exiled Patriarch, with one hand raised toward Heaven, and the other resting on the head of his boy, was at prayer.—*Albany Patriot.*

ANIMAL AFFECTION.—Messrs. Gonder & Co., contractors on the Boston water works, had a valuable horse severely injured a few days since, near Cohasset village. The animal was led home to the stable, where about fifty horses are generally kept. The hostler owns a water spaniel, who for some months has been constantly about among the horses in the stable, living on terms of great friendship with them. Immediately after the disabled horse was led in, he laid down and began to exhibit signs of great distress. The spaniel at once ran to the horse and commenced fawning around him, licking the poor animal's face, and in divers other ways manifesting his sympathy with the sufferer. The

struggles and groans of the horse being continued, the dog sought his master, and drew his attention to the wounded horse, and manifested great satisfaction when he found his master employed in bathing the wounded animal, and otherwise ministering to his wants. The hostler continued his care of the horse until a late hour in the night, and then called the dog to go home; but the affectionate creature would not leave his suffering friend, and continued by him all night. And up to the time we last heard from the dog—forty-eight hours after the horse was injured—the faithful spaniel had not left the suffering horse day nor night, for a minute, not even to eat; and from his appearance, it is believed that he has scarcely slept at all. He is constantly on the alert; not suffering any one to come near the horse, except those attached to the stable and the owner of the animal; and his whole appearance is one of extreme distress and anxiety. He often lays his head on the horse's neck, caresses him and licks around his eyes; which kindness the poor horse acknowledges by a grateful look and other signs of recognition.—*Trans.*

ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.—When Charles the Second chartered the Royal Society, it is narrated of him that he was disposed to give the philosophers a royal, but at the same time a wholesome, lecture.

"Why is it, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim, so that it will not hold a single drop more, yet, putting a turpentine into the water, it shall not overflow the vessel?"

Many were the sage conjectures that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for his own bulk; that he condensed the water to that amount; that the air bladder had something to do with the phenomenon, and a hundred others, which were propounded or abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) modestly asked, "But is your Majesty sure that such would be the case?"

"Aye," exclaimed his Majesty, laughing, "you have it! Always, gentlemen, find out whether the thing be true before you proceed to account for it! then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you."

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.—The universe burns with Deity. All nature seems vocal to declare a Great First cause. The mighty Sun, as he pursues his never-ending course, proclaims the greatness of an Invisible Being. The pale and silvery beams of the sister orb, as she scatters the gloom of night, seems to woo men to acknowledge this great truth. The countless hosts of stars, as they gem the heavens, like diamonds set in the coronet of darkness, all declare that their lamps were lit at the shrine of Divinity. The hoarse voice of the angry billows, in their ceaseless rise and fall, murmur that they evidence the fact. The bone and muscle of every beast of the field—the waving of the wing of every bird of the air—the beauty of the smallest insect which floats in the breeze attests the solemn truth. Every tree, every plant, every flower alike witness the same fact. Every thing is indelibly stamped with the impress of Deity.

STRIKING ANECDOTE.—Charles XII, King of Sweden, drank sometimes to excess, so as even to disturb his reason. In one of his drunken bouts he lost the respect which was due to the Queen, his mother. She retired to her chamber, overwhelmed with grief, and remained there on the following day. As she did not make her appearance, the King inquired the cause. This being told, he took a glass of wine in his hand, and went to the Queen's room. "Madam," said he to her, "I have learned that yesterday, in my cups, I forgot myself towards you. I come to ask your pardon; and, to prevent a recurrence of such a fault, I drink this glass to your health; it shall be the last during my life." He kept his words, and from that day he never tasted wine.

FADING NOBILITY.—Sixty years ago, according to a work lately published in Paris, the nobility of Europe numbered five and a half millions; being one in every thirty inhabitants. It now composes but three millions and three-quarters; or one in fifty-seven inhabitants.

Sir Isaac Newton was a poet, as well as a mathematician and a philosopher. The following is the true language of poetry: "The grain is God's bounty, and the flowers are his smiles."

THE NEW YORK SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

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N. B. Most of the above works can be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of such, they will give liberal acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.

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Coverlet & Carpet Weaver

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AGAIN.

Not far off, but to solicit a continuation of favors heretofore bestowed from his old customers, and as many new ones as will favor him with a trial. As a further inducement I have this spring obtained several new figures for my double covered loom, some of which will be put in operation in a few days from this date. Spin the woolen yarn 14 cuts to the pound, and bring 32 cuts after No. 6, two double color of the woolen, 24 cuts blue and 8 cuts red. I am about putting in operation a loom to weave the same figures on the half double covered loom as on the double ones, which will bring every object and flower to a complete point. Spin the woolen yarn for those 10 cuts to the pound, 20 cuts when doubled and twisted, and 4 perard No. 8 single white cotton will fill one; 20 cuts No. 8 cotton double and twisted, 10 cuts single cotton No. 5, color the 10 cuts No. 5 blue will warp one. I put in operation two new figures on my other half double covered loom.

Figured table Linen, Ingraine and other Carpets were as formerly at the old stand on Green street, Salem, Columbiana co., O.

JAMES McLERAN.

May 23, 1847.

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March 22, 1847.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T. E. Vickers.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm. J. Bright.

New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
East Fairfield; John Marsh.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brookes.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Petersburg; Ruth Tomlinson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bandsburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Elyria; L. J. Burrell.
Oberlin; Lucy Stone.
Ohio City; R. B. Dennis.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnard.
Hillsboro; Wm. Lyle Keya.
Mata; Wm. Cope.
Hinkley; C. D. Brown.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poot.
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester; Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Bath; G. McCleod.
Harford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.

INDIANA.

Marion; John T. Morris.
Economoy; Ira C. Maule